

April 4, 2025

Volume XXVI

Issue VI

TODAY'S WEATHER FORECAST

Flowers and Flies

THE MARTINI



*Crisp,
Clean,
and **HARD-HITTING***

SINCE 2005



Editor's Note

To the wonderful students of HWS,

We owe you an apology. March came and went without an issue from us, and it wasn't because we didn't want to — it's because all of us got absolutely *wrecked* by our academics. Every single editor was in the trenches, battling deadlines, midterms, and the haunting realization that we are very behind in every single class we are enrolled in (like, seriously. It's fucked. Look how old Michael and I look from all the stress!). That said, spring is here, we're upright again (mentally, not academically), and more importantly, The Martini is back in action.

And just in time: Folk Fest is returning! And yes, we've got the reveal inside. We're not going to spoil it here — flip a few pages and find out for yourself. We're really excited about it, and you should be too.

Also, a quick shoutout to everyone who came to our formal event! It was a massive success, and the face painters we brought in were not only insanely talented, but also incredibly sweet people. If you left with a tiny dragon on your cheek or a full Monet on your forehead, we hope it made your night as much as it made ours.

This issue is full of the usual goofs, care, and creativity. Thanks for sticking with us. Onward!

Cheers,
Kevin Frost & Michael Gilbert
Co-Editors-in-Chief, The Martini

Email martini@hws.edu

And follow us on Instagram!

WHAT'S IN THE ISSUE

PAGE 6—

FOLK FEST REVEAL!!

PAGE 8—

THE WEIGHT OF REALITY: OZEMPIC

PAGE 10—

HANGOVER CURE

PAGE 11—

LIBERATE THE CAFE

PAGE 12—

THE PITCH

PAGE 13—

KANYE WEST AND ART

PAGE 14—

BURST THE BUBBLE

PAGE 16—

BICURIOSUS?

PAGE 17—

CROSSWORD!

PAGE 18—

BROGAN'S GAME REVIEW

PAGE 20—

MARTINI POP NEWS

PAGE 21—

DIRTY MARTINI CONFESSIONS

PAGE 22—

CAR GUY SAYS CAR STUFF

PAGE 23—

HOROSCOPES

PAGE 24—

SNUS SOMMELIER

PAGE 26—

MARTINI OF THE MONTH,

FOLK FEST PLAYLIST

KICKASS



GUILTY PARTIES

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

KEVIN FROST

MICHAEL GILBERT

MOST VALUABLE EDITOR

LEAH HENNING

TREASURER

MICHAEL GILBERT

EDITORS +CONTRIBUTORS

BANGOR DIESTCHE

DAVID GARVEY

RJ ROSEBORO

ASHER LANDIS

ANDREW PAINTON

ANT ESI

ADRIANA CROCE

AVA DIMITROFF

GRACE SNOOK

BODE LONERGAN

VALYN MOGENSEN

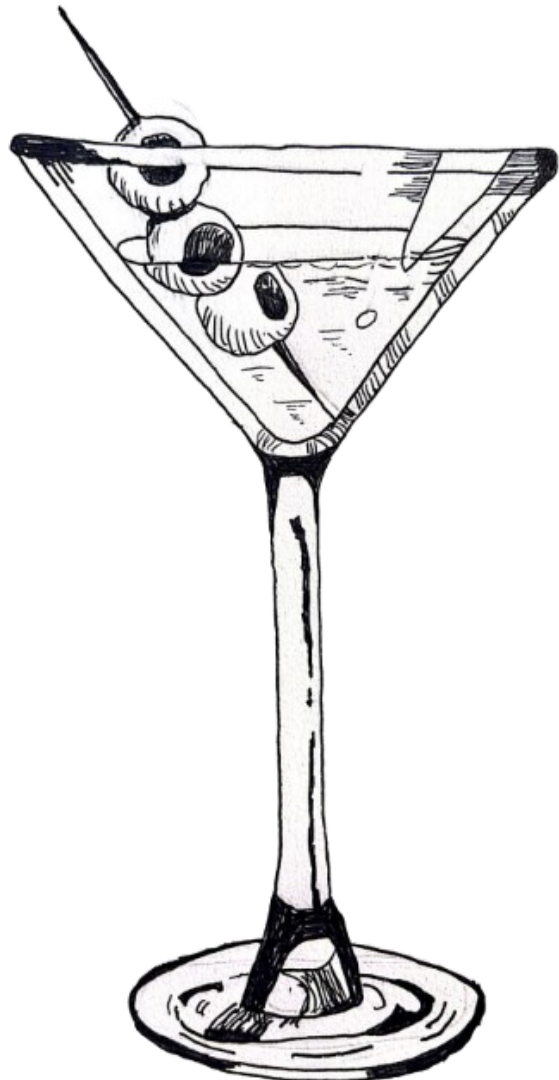
ARTISTS

ALEX DICKINSON

BEN BRODNEY

PAPERBOY

SEAN MADDEN



Cover art by: Alex Dickinson

ARCY



Started in a shed,
ended up on tour.
Pioneers of Attic-Rock.
Folk Fest 2025 headliner.
It's Arcy Drive.

Drive



THE WEIGHT OF REALITY: MY SUMMER OF OZEMPIC

LEAH HENNING

Bikini season is approaching, and I have but one thing on my mind...

If you know me, you know I belong nowhere near the medical field—unless it’s as a patient. But to everyone’s surprise (including my own), I spent this past summer in scrubs as a pharmacy technician. My failure to secure an internship in the city, limited shifts at my part-time boutique sales gig, and the need for travel money for my upcoming semester abroad sent me on a frantic mid-summer job search. Things got so desperate that I may or may not have applied to serve at a Hooters 45 minutes away (and if you know me, you also know I’m wanted nowhere near a Hooters). Luckily, after a horrible interview and two weeks of radio silence, I got my big break at [REDACTED] Pharmacy.

I still remember my first day. My grade-A chiller of a boss gave me a tour of the pharmacy and walked me through my daily responsibilities. First up was the temperature log—checking the thermostat and fridges to ensure everything was within range. I followed her to the back room, giving her space as she opened the huge Black+Decker. My eyes widened and a chorus of angels sounded in my ears. The shelves, though nearly empty, held perhaps the most precious objects I’d ever laid my eyes on: Ozempic, Mounjaro, Zepbound, and Wegovy. *I think I just came a little.* I managed to maintain my poker face for the rest of her demonstration, learning how to navigate the medications, what the fuck an NDC is and why it needs to match the prescription, where we lock away the fentanyl, blah blah blah. But all I could really think about were those injectables—and I soon

came to learn that I was not alone.

My second task each morning after completing the temperature log was to check the voicemail messages, almost all of which were from patients checking on the status of their weight loss shot. I answered even more calls inquiring about them throughout the day. There was one time a patient called seven times in the span of two hours because she was so eager to start her “Mounjaro journey.” What angered me even more, however, was having to fill Zepbound prescriptions for girls my age. *Lucky cunts.* It could be pretty shocking to see the people who were being prescribed this stuff, because most of the time, they weren’t diabetic or overweight. They often were, however, patients of the concierge doctor upstairs, to whom families pay an annual fee to answer their calls at all hours of the day and prescribe them medications they do not need but want. Just to give you an idea of the status of these patients, let’s just say (I signed a HIPAA agreement) a certain orange-hued man in power came by the office this past June for his yearly checkup. Deadass. Anyway, by the end of the summer, the pharmacy and the doctor’s office upstairs had a bit of a feud going on. Why? Because they were constantly asking us to commit insurance fraud.

Although Ozempic, Mounjaro, and Wegovy are all known for weight loss, they are only meant to be prescribed to patients with type II diabetes. Zepbound is currently the only injection on the market that is allowed to be prescribed for the sole purpose of weight loss (diabetes or not). Of course, doctors and patients alike have happily ignored this fact. Semaglutide and tirzepatide injections are tak-

en weekly and are typically refilled each month, as each box has four doses. Any of these prescriptions cost patients up to about \$1400 per month, as insurance won't cover any fraction of the cost for patients who don't have diabetes. But trust me when I say that plenty of people are willing to pay that high of a price for a slimmer figure (shit, I would too if I could). That said, if there is a way for people to get something at a reduced price, they're naturally going to take advantage of it. Coupons that reduce the cost of injectables by up to \$500 are available on all manufacturers' websites; all patients have to do to obtain one is fill out a questionnaire. The problem is, these questionnaires require the patient to verify that they have type II diabetes. Pharmacies do not have access to a patient's medical history the way their doctor does, so if a patient lies when filling out the coupon form, there isn't really a way for the pharmacy to know. However, this creates another issue: every time a pharmacist applies one of these coupon codes, they are personally confirming that the patient is eligible to use it (as in has type II diabetes). The second the pharmacy sends a coupon through for a lying patient, it has committed insurance fraud. The office upstairs didn't understand what they were asking us to do. But after explaining it to them, they didn't seem to care. I participated in the same phone call every single day:

Them: Hi, do you have Mounjaro in stock?

Me: Which dosage? *Rolls my eyes at my boss*

Them: 0.5.

Me: Is it for a current patient of ours?

Them: No. Can we send the script down?

Me: One moment please, I'll check. *Asks my boss* It looks like we do have that in stock.

Them: Great. The patient has a coupon.

Me: Does the patient have diabetes?

Them: *Hangs up and sends it anyway*

As I mentioned, these injectable prescriptions have been consistently low in stock. Unlike large chain pharmacies, my boss genuinely cares about her patients and works hard



to meet their needs. She was strategic in managing inventory, ensuring we had just enough of the specific prescriptions her patients would soon require. Occasionally, we'd have a few extra boxes on hand. Over time, the concierge doctor's office caught on, and patients began coming to us exclusively for their injectables. However, they continued filling their other medications at chain pharmacies like CVS, Walgreens, or Rite Aid—causing my boss to miss out on a lot of money. Not to mention, insurance

companies, which own these chain pharmacies, set higher copays for prescriptions filled at other pharmacies in order to keep patients tied to their preferred networks and ensure that the money keeps circulating within their system. How it's legal is beyond me.

It's safe to say I learned a lot this summer about a field I never imagined myself in. From navigating the complexities of insurance fraud to witnessing firsthand the demand for weight-loss injectables, I now see that healthcare is not just about medicine—it's a constant ethical and logistical maze. Although I may not belong in scrubs long-term, the job taught me about the hidden pressures facing small pharmacies in a world dominated by chain networks, and the insatiable demand for weight loss injections. I left for my semester abroad with a newfound respect for those like my boss (and me, not to toot my own horn) who work tirelessly behind the counter—and perhaps just a little envious of those fuckers who are lucky enough to get their hands on a box of Zepbound.

AN HWS STUDENT'S HANGOVER CURE

ANONYMOUS



How to survive pulling trig after drinking one too many Dogfish Heads...

The day starts (hopefully) in a twin XL. Perhaps you are alone, in which case you should go back to sleep. It's called a second sleep and you have to do it. Trust me, I have a medical degree. If not alone and not in your own bed, make haste with an Irish exit and leave with our generation's equivalent to a handwritten note—a snap. Take in the nature (fat squirrels) as you commence on your walk of shame. If you *are* in your own bed with company but are being practically shoved off of the small mattress, fake some sort of episode so that you never have to see them again. Of course, that is only until you inevitably see them in Saga by the soda machine and you have to stare through them like they're a ghost, but a solution to that is outside the scope of this advice column.

Now that you have either woken up for the second time or just gotten back to your dorm, the important steps begin to having a somewhat productive day in a functioning economy. Take a shower to cleanse yourself from the spilled beer and other people's sweat that dripped onto you throughout the night.

The most important part of warding away a hangover is fluids. It's the physical version of P.E.M.D.A.S. If you push enough sobering fluids into your body, the toxins get pushed out. Make a smorgasbord of drinks,

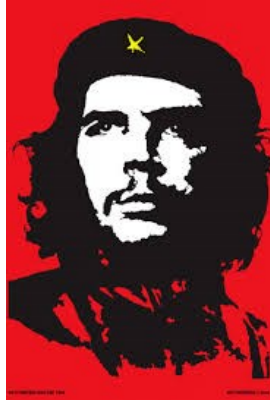
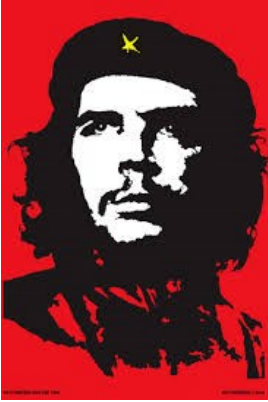
especially water and coffee. You should also have a coca cola (diet if you are like that). This is necessary, I once read an article (TIK TOK) that says Coca-Cola has phosphorus in it which helps with a hangover. If for some reason my very empirical explanation does not suffice you evidence snobs, I'll do you own better. Anthony Bourdain recommended a nice cold coke too so ha! Besides, you should stick to an all liquid diet because saga won't be open for another two hours so the carbonation will act as an appetite suppressant.

After you have taken two trips to the bathroom from drinking so much, you must ground yourself and feign productivity. There are a few Geneva hot spots you do this at. You could eat a breakfast burrito on a picnic bench overlooking our algae-filled lake. Roam the aisles of Walmart and let the Mennonite children think you are a zombie. Pretend to do school work at Monaco's while talking shit with your friends and absorb the smell of the fryer into your hair and clothes. Whisper loudly in the library while doing the liberal arts 360. Now you can get ready for another night of hedonism!

DISCLAIMER: I am not legally liable for this advice not working under Section 10-114 of the New York Penal Code. That's a skill issue on your end.

LIBERATE THE CAFE

ANONYMOUS



For far too long we, the good students and patrons of HWS, have lived under the oppressive rule of the Café. We pay tuition. We pay for ridiculous meal plans. And yet, when we walk into the Café weary and hungry from a grueling day of academia, we are expected to pay once more for the mere luxury of a candy bar or a bottle of juice? How much more must we give? At what point will our financial servitude end? The answer, it seems, is never. And so, we have been left with no choice but to take matters into our own hands.

The student body has long engaged in quiet resistance...an unspoken understanding. Standing against the Café's rigid capitalist structure shall no longer apply to us. A Twix slipped into a pocket here, a cranberry juice liberated from its overpriced captivity there. It once was a system that worked, a delicate balance between the students and The Café. But recent developments have threatened this era of peace.

The Café has realized that their precious profit margins are shrinking, and they've begun cracking down on students. First came the signs mentioning that a camera is watching us, then came the camera itself, perched ominously. But is it real? Or is it simply a cheap trick designed to strike fear into the hearts of students who only seek their fair share?

I interviewed an anonymous student/

expert who has been studying the issue. Said student shared, "I can say there is speculation as to whether the camera is truly running or if it is an elaborate form of deterrence that Café management has installed to deal with the pilfering of their products." Either way, the thefts have continued. How could they not? "It is indeed the case that the student body's relationship with the Café does not rely on conventional forms of capitalism," our source explained. "The student body's habitual thieving has dug into the profit margins of the Café enough to warrant new actions." The Café exists within the larger institution, an institution that already demands thousands upon thousands of dollars from its students. The expectation that we should then pay for a measly bag of Skittles is, frankly, insulting.

But how far will this go? Will we soon be subjected to bag checks at the register? Will Campo be stationed at the candy display? The solution is clear: the student body must resist. We must refuse to be intimidated by the hollow threats of an administration that has already taken so much from us. We must reclaim what is rightfully ours. The Café has declared war on us, but they have underestimated the will of a student body pushed too far.

The revolution is here. Take what you need.

P.S. I am too scared to steal, I'm but a reporter.

FREE PITCH CONTEST IDEAS

ANDREW [SENIOR OF THE YEAR] PAINTON

We all know about The Pitch, an entrepreneurial competition in which students propose business ideas/inventions and the winner is awarded \$10,000 towards making their idea a reality. In order to give back to the HWS community, I consulted with peers of mine and developed a list of several pitch-worthy ideas that are virtually guaranteed to win the prize. These ideas are all up for grabs so feel free to turn any of them into a pitch proposal for the next award cycle. Happy entrepreneur-ing!

Medicinal Fried Chicken

Picture this: marijuana. Got that? Now picture this: fried chicken. Can you see where this is going? Both hot commodities are an easy source of revenue. However, the genius of this idea is in the combination of the two: a food truck that sells THC infused fried chicken. Customers can get fried on chicken! What's better than that? The food truck could also sell normal fried to chicken to hungry consumers



who've already enjoyed the "house special."

Walking Lamps

The most profitable ideas are things that are necessities for literally everyone. What's something in every room of every building you've ever been in? Light bulbs. The walking lamp can be described to the layman as an ordinary floor lamp that has been attached to a Room-ba. By purchasing this product, users won't

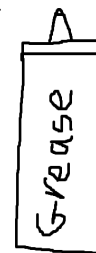
have to constantly buy light bulbs and lamps for every room in their house. By moving from



room to room, the walking lamp can illuminate multiple areas with a single bulb. Pure genius!

Bottle O' Grease

Pizza and burgers are consistently among the most popular food options for Americans, including dine-in, takeout, and home-cooked. Do you know where most of the flavor comes from in these dishes? It's not your seasoning... it's grease! And what is one to do if your meal isn't as greasy and delicious as you'd like? The answer is simple: Bottle O' Grease!



Vape Hoodie

Walking anywhere in public, it's obvious that the hoodie has become one of, if not *the* dominant article of clothing for today's young adults. Another trend that has become increasingly popular, for better or worse, is the art of vaping. However, hauling a vape around can be such a hassle! What's more, those wishing to be discrete can be exposed by the large, bulky vaporizers they must use. The solution to this dilemma is perhaps the best thing since sliced bread. It's a hoodie where the strings are vapes. Hand wash only.



I DON'T LIKE KANYE WEST (BUT I STILL LISTEN TO HIM)

ANT ESI



Art is expression. It's communication. It's language. It only speaks what we tell it to speak. It only teaches what we tell it to teach. Art cannot stand on its own. music, beats, paintings, sculptures, poetry, writing, dance. They don't exist in isolation. Art reflects the artist, their environment, and their beliefs. Every time you create something, you offer up a piece of yourself. You cannot separate the art from the artist, because the art is the artist.

What does this art reveal about the artist? And what does it reveal about me as a consumer?

Sorry to get all intellectual on you, but seriously, Kanye West is a good musician. There's a reason he makes it onto everyone's "top ten rappers of all time" list. Is Kanye West a bad person? That's between him and his God. Now, does listening to Kanye make me a bad person? That's a question I can actually answer and no, it does not.

The problem is, we've started treating art as an extension of ourselves. We make it deeply personal. Kanye's actions become your actions. Kanye's words become your words. Fans build

parasocial relationships with artists and begin to see them as personal reflections of their own identity.

But this isn't about Kanye. It's about how we consume art.

Art is not meant to be owned; it is meant to be understood, appreciated, and used as a mirror—not as an extension of your individual identity. Listening to Kendrick doesn't make you Kendrick, nor does it make you as cool as Kendrick. His music might make you feel cool, but that's because you understand and appreciate it, not because you embody it. We've turned art into identity, and in doing so, we're dumbing it down. Now, people who listen to Sade call themselves "Sade girls" even though they can't pronounce her name correctly.

This is why art is inherently political. It does not exist in a vacuum. It reflects the times, the artist, and the world they live in. To engage with art is to engage with the realities it presents. But that engagement should not be mistaken for ownership or self-definition. Art is meant to challenge, provoke, and reflect; not to serve as a personal brand.

BURST THE BUBBLE: A MANIFESTO

ADRIANA CROCE, AVA DIMITROFF, GRACE SNOOK, & THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH ROOMMATE

As a senior, I regularly find myself reflecting on how incredibly grateful I am for Hobart and William Smith Colleges here in the wonderful Geneva, New York. This place, with its hand soap I am allergic to and its three-inch-thick ice over the sidewalks of Odell's Village, has given me some of my favorite memories, best friends, and even a plan for the future that is unlikely to make me any sort of livable wage. From having grapes pelted at me from the balcony above the café by a lovely Saga employee who shall remain nameless, to experiencing the Empire Coffee & Donuts amnesia each and every Tuesday when I drive to get a coffee only to discover that it is, as it is every Tuesday, closed, I truly am thankful for it all. As I prepare to pop my silly-little-liberal-arts-school bubble after walking across that stage Coxe Hall in May, there is one more bubble we must pop before I can truly feel as though my time at the Colleges can come to a satisfactory close. *The Bubble*.

As we signed the papers, agreeing to reside in Odell's Village for the 2024-25 school year, my friends and I vied for a room whose window did not face the looming, white monstrosity that sits just yonder that lot in which we lurk like vultures waiting for a parking spot to invade. Four of the five of us sighed a breath of relief upon finding our rooms to have the incredible, refreshing view of a similarly ugly beige-sided unit with mismatched furniture on its decaying porch. Although we may be woken up each morning, not by a rooster but instead by the bass of the lacrosse team's music during their 6:30am practice, at least we are not destined to a life overseen by the plastic eyesore that is The Bubble.

We should be appeased. We should give thanks to our benevolent leader Mark D. Gearan for granting us the good fortune to not be

assaulted by that atrocity each and every morning as soon as our eyelids flutter open. I can only imagine the abhorrence those less fortunate than I must feel, those who must gaze upon that heinousness from their own bedroom—a room meant to be a personal paradise away from the roommates who won't put the dishes away or wipe down the bathroom counter. I, thankfully, do not have to face this harsh reality beyond the glass.

And yet? There it sits. Taunting us. Every day. As soon as we step outside of our front door or try to have a relaxing evening, sitting on our front porch as though we are an elderly couple waiting for someone to step onto our lawn so that we may shout obscenities in their general direction. I will admit, I have never stepped foot inside the belly of the beast. Not even for Sammy Adams and Brice Vine. And I never intend on breaking this streak.

So what is there to do? Well, friend, my housemates and I have spent many an hour debating this very topic, and the following is a list of methods for popping The Bubble that are probably almost entirely foolproof and will definitely not get you into any trouble with Campo whatsoever.

- ⇒ Poke a needle into it once per day in different locations so that over time it slowly loses its structural integrity and will pop upon the first particularly strong gust of wind.
- ⇒ Drive full speed into it.
- ⇒ Hold all of the Odell's cats up to it and let them scratch the absolute shit out of it.
- ⇒ Arson.
- ⇒ Fill it with helium so that it floats away.
- ⇒ Train the geese to respond to the command "KILL KILL KILL KILL."
- ⇒ Put on ice skates and lay down and then kick at it really hard.
- ⇒ Car bomb.

BURST THE BUBBLE: A MANIFESTO cont.

ADRIANA CROCE, AVA DIMITROFF, GRACE SNOOK, & THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH ROOMMATE



- ⇒ Mail bomb.
- ⇒ Drone strike.
- ⇒ Hypnotize Campo Phil, give him a gun, and train him to respond to the command “KILL KILL KILL KILL.”
- ⇒ Hire an Etsy witch to pop it for us.
- ⇒ Something that incriminates the Hobart lacrosse team.
- ⇒ Tungsten trebuchet.
- ⇒ Hire someone to sing to The Bubble, sere-

- nading it into a false sense of security so that we can take it by surprise.
- ⇒ Take away its pool ladder.
- ⇒ Leak to the media that there is crude oil below it.

If all else fails, we wait for the active volcano in Saratoga Springs to take care of it for us. Keep an eye out, mark your calendars for... oh, you'll know. We'll see you at graduation.

AM I, A GAY MAN, BI-CURIOUS?

U/QUIRKYTEMPORARY187



So, as the title suggests, I'm questioning my sexuality. I'm a guy and for a while I thought I was pretty much gay, but recently (both as in like last weekend and a few months ago) I noticed that sometimes I would pay attention to girls more than guys.

My first kiss and sexual experience were with a guy and I was into it so for a couple of years I thought I was pretty much gay. I have never kissed or experimented with women not because I didn't want to but, women just never really paid attention to me or made their intentions clear. Though, I have always been open to the idea of dating women. Now that I'm older it feels extremely jarring to even experiment, especially at this point in my life—I say

that as I think I have my first crush on a girl since kindergarten.

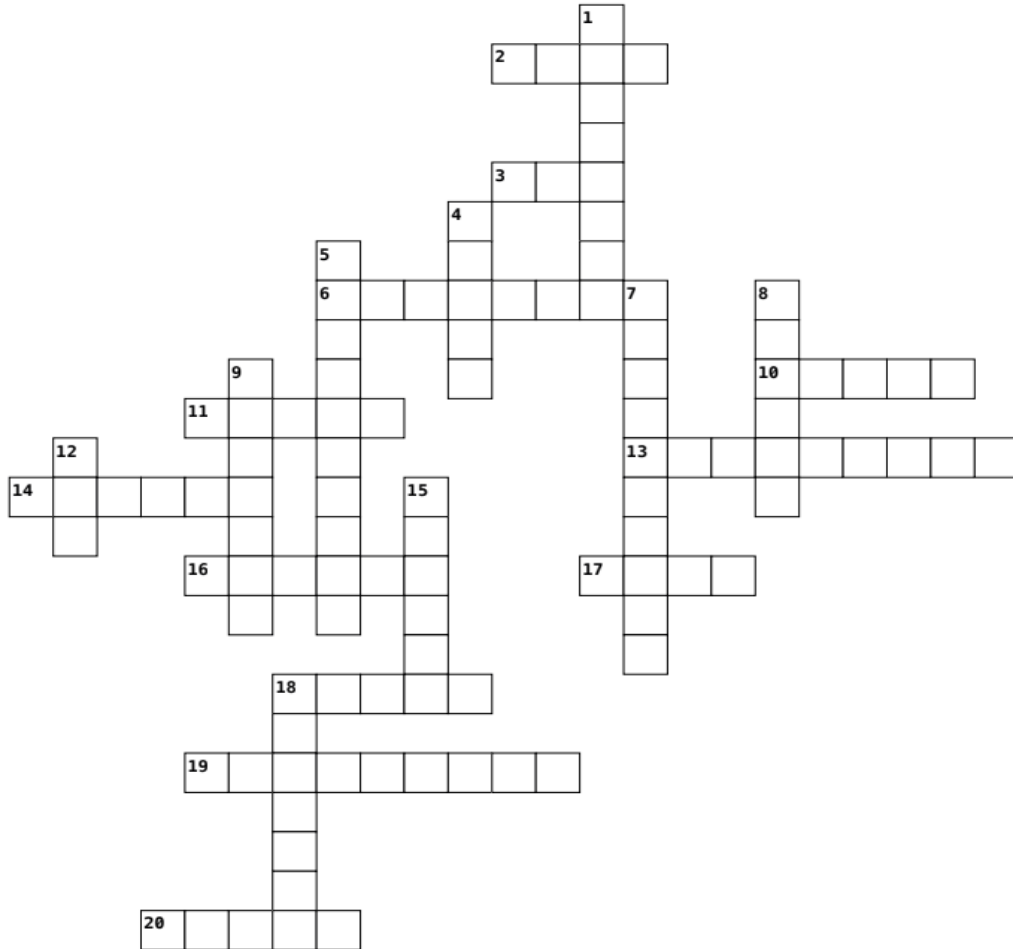
To be honest I don't even know how to feel about it because gender roles played a big part in my upbringing... and for me I have certain mannerisms that would be considered "feminine or gay." It fucks with my head because I don't know if girls are into that. Sometimes, people know I'm gay before they even ask, therefore, it really makes me question; is this "crush" something more than just the perfect wife, two kids, a pet and a house in the suburbs type of shit or am I really attracted to her?

With love. Yours truly,
u/QuirkyTemporary187

CROSSWORD!

A VERY MARTINI CROSSWORD PUZZLE

According to recent surveys, individuals who engage in solving crosswords are 38% more likely to find romantic connections, suggesting that intellectual pursuits might just be the secret ingredient to attracting love. No cheating!



ACROSS

2. LOCATION OF THE 2025 FOLKFEST, WEATHER PERMITTING
3. SOMETHING MANY HWS SENIORS WILL HAVE A HARD TIME FINDING
6. KEEPS ME DRY, RIHANNA HIT SINGLE
10. EGG PRISONERS FREED AT SPRINGTIME OR FRAT LINGO FOR A WOMAN
11. SAGA FRONT DESK STAFF MEMBER PERFORMING AT FOLK FEST
13. GENEVA'S RENOWNED FISH THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN EVER
14. MARK AND MARY ___ <3
16. YELLOW POWDER THAT RUINS LIVES
17. LIL WRIGGLE GUYS THAT POP OUTTA THE GROUND WHEN IT RAINS
18. LITTLE FUCKERS THAT PLAGUE THE AIR ON YOUR WALK TO CLASS
19. THE BASTARD ANIMAL THAT DAMNED US ALL TO 6 EXTRA WEEKS OF WINTER
20. AGGRESSIVE BIRDS WITH SCARY TEETH

DOWN

1. AMERICA'S PAST-TIME (WHEN NOT DEPORTING POLITICAL OPPOSITION OR STRIKING THE WORD "GAY" FROM GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS)
4. SPRING EQUINOX MONTH
5. THAT'S WHAT QUAD MEANS?
7. ONE TIME ON THIS HOLIDAY, MY MOM TOLD ME SHE GAVE AWAY MY BIKE AND I CRIED :(
8. TYPE OF HAT BEING SOLD AT FOLK FEST AS MARTINI MERCH
9. OPTICAL PHENOMENON CAUSED BY REFRACTION OF LIGHT, OFTEN WITH A GREEDY LITTLE GINGER MAN AT THE END OF IT
12. INSECT BEST DESCRIBED BY WIZ KHALIFA'S "BLACK AND YELLOW"
15. IN SPRINGTIME, A HINT OF ___ FILLS THE AIR. ALSO, COW SHIT
18. APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY ___!

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 26

BROGAN'S GAME REVIEW: *Uncharted 2: Among Thieves*

BROGAN DIETSCHKE

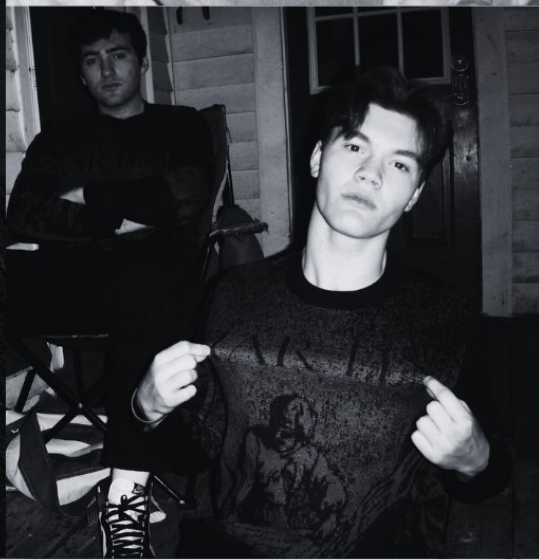
Alright, so I don't have any more jokes to make about how you all can't escape my pointless video game rants because by now you've surely fallen in love with my column and can't wait to see what game I'm going to go on and on about next. In this installment, I'll be praising *Uncharted 2: Among Thieves*, one of the first action-adventure games I ever played once my mom stopped going on Common Sense Media for it to tell her that Roblox is an 18+ game that should be avoided at all costs. Firstly, if your first introduction to the *Uncharted* series was the movie, please rid yourself of any opinions you may have formed. *Among Thieves* does not mess around, and I don't mess around about it either.

In each *Uncharted* entry, you play as Nathan Drake, a history junkie and treasure hunter that gets himself tangled up with different criminals and organizations in search of long-lost relics. *Uncharted 2* tracks Drake in a race against a dangerous warlord named Lazarevic to find the Chintamani stone, a humongous raw sapphire that vanished with Marco Polo's lost fleet. *Among Thieves* begins with possibly the greatest

opening sequence of all time. I know I said the same thing about *God of War 2018*, but after replaying *Uncharted 2*, it's got Kratos and Baldur beat. Without any context, you open on Nathan, with a bullet wound in his gut, sitting in a train that is hanging halfway off of a cliff in the Himalayas. If this alone doesn't make you want to go play the game, I don't know what will. *Uncharted 2* immediately draws back the intensity with a flashback to Nathan meeting Chloe Frazer, a fellow treasure hunter. Frazer and Drake easily have the best chemistry in the story. While half of Nathan's dialogue consists of sub-par one-liners, each scene with him and Chloe together is charming and dynamic, far above any interaction between either of the main characters and Lazarevic, who serves his purpose as a big, bad villain, even inciting a civil war within a city just to find a clue towards the Chintamani stone, but doesn't do much beyond that. Now, back to why this game is so amazing: the gameplay. Holy smokes. On the surface, it might seem like a generic third-person shooter, but the level design is so immaculate that it immediately eclipses the gunplay's simplicity. Each shootout is dif-

ferent from the last with its varying verticality, enemy spawns, and most importantly, jaw-dropping cinematics. Each sequence is balls-to-the-wall action, from running along a speeding train while trying to take down a helicopter, to getting chased by a tank through a remote Nepalese village. Not to mention, *Uncharted 2* on "crushing" difficulty is one of the most perfect gameplay experiences of all time. *Among Thieves* is an over-the-top thrill ride supported by satisfying gunplay and a likable cast of characters. More than almost any other game, *Uncharted 2* truly feels like watching a movie and playing a video game at the same time. Oh, and since I probably won't get a chance to talk about the other entries in the series, *Uncharted 1* sucks ass, *Uncharted 3* is almost as good as 2, and *Uncharted 4* is somehow even better than 2. Do yourself a favor and play all of them, and don't forget to never, ever, *ever* acknowledge the existence of the Tom Holland movie.





MARTINI POP NEWS



Katya responds to criticism of her accepting a freeze dried amputated leg from a fan: "It tasted fine--what gives?" (It's real, please look this up; "Katya Freeze Dried Leg")



The Martini's on site London reporters have stated that a large fire has broken out in the city. The fire has destroyed buildings inside the Roman City wall and westward.



IS THAT YOU, SZA?



SZA reveals to The Martini that she loves to go to coffee shops and to pretend to work there. "I just don't see why poor people get to have all the fun jobs."



Demi Lovato has died.



Members of Fifth Harmony, a band, have been spotted eating out of a McDonalds trash can in Rochester after falling into extreme after debt filming their "Work From Home" music video.



Katy Perry's autobiography America Has Failed Us has sold at least ten copies! Unfortunately, Barnes and Noble has dropped the book due to protests from the Westboro Baptist Church.

DIRTY MARTINI CONFESSIONS

LEAH HENNING & VALYN MOGENSEN

Welcome back to Dirty Martini Confessions, where we expose everything about you—except for your names. Have anything to get off your chest? Send it in through the *anonymous* Google form! We're like priests,—but cooler, so no judgement.

"I got wet when my professor touched my hand in lab" Female, 20

"I lost my virginity in a leantoo." Male, 21

"I made a secret Instagram so I could like reels in peace" Male, 21

"I used to have sex with my freshman year girlfriend every night while her international student roommate slept five feet away from us" Male, 21

"I slept with a guy who wet-willied me after fingering me" Female, 20

"I once left my vibrator in the shower and when I remembered it and went to get it someone was using it." Female, 19

"I brought a freshman home with me and he wouldn't stop licking my face and I had to get a housemate to walk him back to JPR." Female, 22

"Me and my friends pranked all of the off-campus houses " Male, 22

"I lost my virginity while her roommate was in the room" Male, 19

"Once three guys were trying to take me home so I said I'd leave with whoever knew my name. Only 1/3 remembered. I was sleeping with him for a month before finding out he had a girlfriend." Female, 20

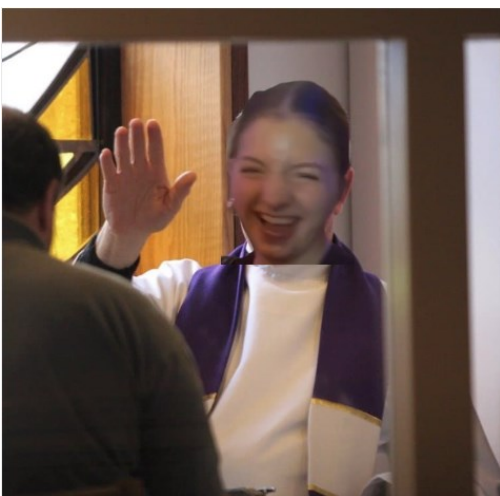
"I finished inside two girls within 12 hours" Male, 21

"My friend shaved my asshole in the bathroom while our 2 man was waiting outside" Female, 20

"I had a threesome with two transfers from a nearby, closed college" Male, 20

"I threw up on my hookup's dick and slurped it right back up. He never noticed" Female, 21

"A guy friend paid me \$5 to suck his toes. I did it, then gave the cash to my dad." Female, 20



GENEVA'S TOP-RATED CAR REVIEWER

KEVIN'S 2008 TOYOTA FJ CRUISER

BODE LONERGAN



Between its sexy exterior, rugged interior, off-road capabilities, and overall testosterone-boosting experience, Kevin Frost's 2008 Toyota FJ Cruiser gets a solid 7.8 out of 10. Upon entering the car, one is welcomed with complimentary gifts, such as a loose flannel shirt and a Fireball shooter in the glove compartment. Regardless, however intriguing my introduction to this glossy, untamed force of nature may have been, it was nothing compared to my experience driving it.

Going in, I was interested in testing the all-terrain capabilities of this car, as the Toyota FJ has a rich off-road-capable history dating back to the 1960s with the original FJ40. With years of prestige to back this fabulous vehicle, I felt confident in the car's ability to traverse the moun-

tainous speed bumps of Pulteney Street, as well as the unexplored depths of Odell's South parking lot potholes. As I shifted from two-wheel high to four-wheel low, the sturdy four-by-four powertrain pushed me to scale icy snow hills all around campus. Filled with a sense of accomplishment, I had to get out and commemorate the achievement with a picture (see above).

Cruising downtown, I felt a brotherhood among the off-roaders in the area. Pro tip: Remember that when driving a Toyota FJ Cruiser, although you may think you are in a Jeep, you most certainly are not. This means you should never wave at Jeep drivers—they will not respond. However, what the car loses in its lack of faux social status it makes up for with flashing dash lights signaling for almost

every possible issue that a car could have.

On my way to Walmart, I was able to impress Geneva moms by driving over snow banks and curbs, all while delightfully revving the stout 4.0L V6 engine with its 239 Japanese horses. This power allowed me to charge up Highway 5's steep incline just like Hobart's O-linemen did against Ithaca last semester. I felt unstoppable.

If given the opportunity, I highly recommend taking Kevin's car for a spin around campus. He allowed me to do it, so you all should also be fine to do so. Typically, he has his keys in his left pocket but occasionally leaves them in his bag. Just make sure to put a couple of bucks of gas in so he doesn't notice. Safe driving—or at least try your best.

APRIL HOROSCOPES

So we missed March. Could you feel your life spiraling out of control? Adrift in the sea of life, with no Martini horoscope compass to guide you? Did you, perhaps, ever feel like a plastic bag? Floating through the wind? Wanting to start again? Glad to have you back :)

Aries: Consider checking your screen time. Seems like you're the type to be chronically online.

Taurus: Happy Birthday! It's got to be around this time, right? Find the time to treat yourself. Or better, find someone who can finance your expensive lifestyle, you diva.

Gemini: You need to fucking check yourself. Sorry, I mean check *in* with yourself. How are you really doing?

Cancer: Have a green thumb? Find out by starting off easy, like with a spider plant. If you fail, you're a loser. Try a fake plant next time.

Leo: Here's some friendly advice: maybe

avoid Saga for the next few weeks. Your bowels will thank you. Oh, you're on the freshman meal plan? Bummer.

Virgo: Your charisma is simply unparalleled. Got me blushing and shit! But remember, charisma is like salt—use it sparingly...*or else*.

Libra: You're headed toward a n arthritic future if you keep neglecting those dynamic and static stretches. Yes, you. Don't act so innocent. Don't let your ego gains get in your way. Embrace mobility!

Scorpio: The networking odds are in your favor. This is the time to attend one of those pesky Career Services dinners they're always

hounding you about. Or just keep stalking strangers on LinkedIn. Whatever.

Sagittarius: Oh golly! I've never seen a clearer horoscope. You with flourish and thrive this month. No harm will befall you. Lucky bitch.

Capricorn: Be on the lookout for suspicious activity. Someone is out to get you this month. Trust your intuition and be prepared to make changes in your relationships.

Pisces: There's no nice way to say this. You are majorly fucked, academics-wise. These next few weeks will be hellish. Buckle up!

SNUS SOMMELIER

LEAH HENNING



I fucking love writing this column; so much so, that I made the trek to Cartel Palace in Rochester to try some new Zyn flavors imported from Europe. This month, I'll be reviewing the strongest level of Cool Blueberry Zyns. Like last month's Nordic Spirits, I was disappointed to find out that the strongest Zyn is 11mg per pouch. Womp womp. If anyone has Siberias they're looking to get off their hands feel free to reach out. But for now, I'll make do with what I've got.

As always, I shook the tin for maximum aeration. Before opening the lid, I took note of it, which has one of those little compartments for discarding used pouches. I believe all snus tins should have this, so I felt very appreciative that it was included (the U.S. Zyn manufacturer needs to get on this). I cracked the lid and breathed in deeply. I've racked my

brain trying to figure out how to describe the smell of Cool Blueberry. It kind of reminded me of the fruit flavored Trident gum that is still minty somehow even though it's not mint flavored—perhaps rather *menthol-esque*. Unlike lame U.S. Zyns, these pouches were “European slim wet” style—my favorite. I threw in a double upper decky and waited for the shards of glass to deliver the Cool Blueberry juices to my veins. I took note of the menthol-esque coolness and sat in gratitude for a moment, as it is my belief that if there's no fresh tingle, there's no joy in the experience.

As the Zyns sat in my gums I felt a tickle in my nose, and then proceeded to sneeze very loudly multiple times on the whisper level in the library. Such sneezing brought my salvia to the forefront of my mouth to coat my tongue. I swallowed the excess to be delightfully surprised by the subtle, fresh

blueberry flavor—not too weak, but not too artificial either. *How lovely.*

A few minutes passed, and I suddenly felt more awake, like I assume a coffee drinker feels after their morning cup. The Zyns were the perfect afternoon pick-me-up and held my hand through a painfully boring homework assignment. Forty-five minutes later, after forgetting they were in my mouth, I took the pouches out to find that they now had a brown tinge to them. This also pleased me, as the best snus always seems to become discolored after they've done their job. Overall, I rate the Zyn Cool Blueberry strength 4 (11mg) a 6/10 on the snus scale. Worth the hour-long drive to Rochester if you've got nothing better to do.

Feel free to send recommendations of which snus you'd like me to review next.

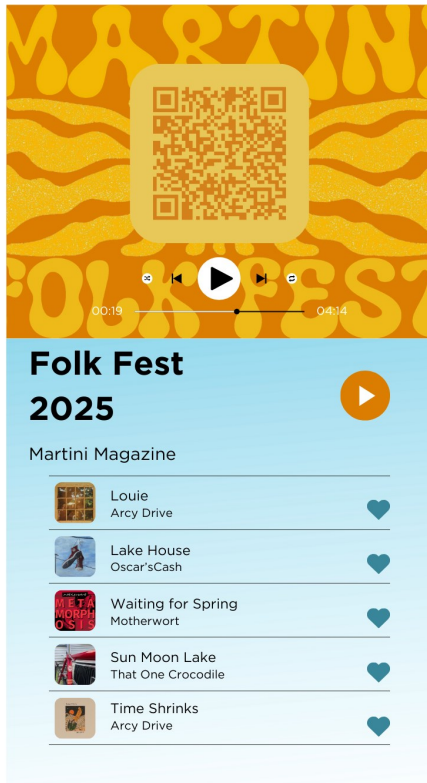
Snus Sommelier, out.

YO WHO TRYNNNA



GET MARRIED UP IN THIS BITCH

SHUT THE FUCK UP



I'M LISTENING TO THE FOLK FEST SETLIST

1. Baseball
2. Quad
3. Job
4. March
5. Quadrangle
6. Umbrella
7. AprilFools
8. Bucket
9. Rainbow
10. Chick
11. Laura
12. Bee
13. LakeTrout
14. Gearan
15. Manure
16. Pollen
17. Worm
18. Flies
19. Groundhog
20. Geese

CROSSWORD ANSWERS



MARTINI OF THE MONTH

Hello Students!

Do you guys even read these? Like deadass, do any of you genuinely make these martinis that we hand craft for your enjoyment? Or am I the page you skip, the stone left unturned. No, the fault is not with I, reader, it is with you. You read with haste, too lazy to craft the wonderful drink I have prepared. Damn you...

A TASTE OF SPRING



Ingredients:

- * 1 1/2 ounces gin
- * 1/2 ounce green Chartreuse liqueur
- * 1/2 ounce dry vermouth

Instructions:

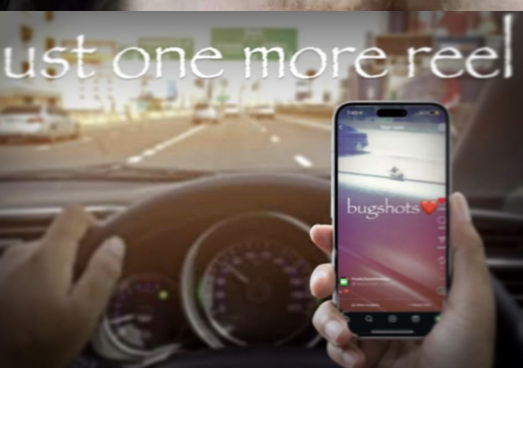
1. In a shaker, pour in the gin, Chartreuse, and vermouth.
2. Shake to chill the cocktail for 20 seconds.
3. Pour into your martini glass and enjoy! Or don't, see if I care.





Typos? Weird Formatting? Shove it up your ass!

It is currently 3:30 AM on a Friday, we're goin home.



WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO *THE MARTINI*?
SEND US AN EMAIL AT MARTINI@HWS.EDU
SUBMIT ON OUR JOTFORM, LINK IN INSTAGRAM BIO